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HIS OWN EXECUTOR.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—NATURE'S PROMPTINGS.

It is about eleven A.M. and the Honourable Procul Porkington, Member for East Monkton, a seat practically at the disposal of the Duke of Gruffham, is breakfasting in his rooms, Hardwicke Chambers, Hardwicke Street, S.W. He is rather out of sorts this morning, for a late sitting at the 'House,' followed by a few rubbers at the 'Portland,' and aided by the effects of a good many cigars and various alcoholic mixtures partaken of during the night, has somewhat disordered our honourable friend's digestion. He peevishly nibbles at his toast, and execrates and growls about his letters, and is altogether in a bad humour.

Things are getting rather bad with Mr Porkington. He has had the misfortune to outlive, not only his fortune, but his expectations; and the birth of an heir to the last reversion in which he had a possible interest, has rendered his final collapse only a question of time. Young Lord Cably comes of age in another six months, and then farewell to his seat for East Monkton, which he will be obliged to resign for the benefit of the young heir; and with his seat in parliament will vanish his last hope of obtaining some lucrative appointment from the government of the day.

Growing years, too, have not made Mr Porkington more indifferent to the elegances and comforts of life; on the contrary, he regards with more dismay than ever the prospect of approaching poverty. And yet, unless something almost miraculous intervenes, he will be compelled to give up these snug chambers, to abandon these elegant equipments, and to rest contented with some obscure consulship, or the governorship, perhaps, of a pestilential settlement five thousand miles from Pall Mall—happy, indeed, if he can obtain so much.

His servant enters—a dark-eyed Italian, or

perhaps a Maltese—and hands him, upon a silver salver, a letter and a card.

Porkington breaks the seal of the letter, and reads it, whilst his servant waits in an attitude of respectful indifference.

Procul Porkington is a man who, although well preserved and fortified against the assaults of Time, is yet beginning to shew some traces of his insidious attacks. He has a handsome aristocratic face, a good nose, hair of a light brown, whiskers somewhat darker, for Procul has never been able to find a lighter dye that would stand. In a favourable light, he looks quite young—not more than thirty. Seen without his wig and teeth, and before his whiskers have been dyed, you might take him for seventy. His real age is a mean between the two; he is about fifty, and has lived a good deal in the time.

'Who the dickens are Campion and Cromwell?' he said, looking languidly through his gold eyeglass at the letter; 'and what have they got to say?'

175 CORNHILL.

DEAR SIR—Some years ago, in 185—, you bound apprentice to us a youth named Henry Butt, who subsequently, on our ship arriving at Melbourne, deserted her, and was lost. We have been favoured to-day with a call from a gentleman, who informs us that he is the Henry Butt in question; his object is to ascertain news of his family and connections, of whom he is, it appears, entirely ignorant. We have referred him to you, as the only clue we are able to afford him, and remain—Your most obliged and humble servants,

CAMPION & CROMWELL.

The matter was one which didn't seem to press for any immediate action.

'Tell him to wait,' cried Procul, and went on with his breakfast.

'Come back to sponge upon his relations, eh! Well, thank Heaven, he'll have no claim upon me; and if he can get anything out of the maternal side!' Procul laughed lightly. 'Poor beggar!—Ah, dear, dear! what sad dogs we were in those days!'

The reminiscence seemed to bring back to Procul a little vigour and cheerfulness. He ate half a bloater and a piece of dry toast, and then rang the bell.

'Antoine, let the youth appear.'

A man entered, at whom Procul glanced with a careless air, that yet concealed a keen and observant scrutiny. He was a fine broad-shouldered, deep-chested youth, with a short tawny beard, a good-humoured, reckless face.

Procul waved him to a seat opposite the window; and Mr Butt flung himself upon the sofa with an easy freedom, that shewed that he wasn't perhaps so much impressed with the immeasurable distance existing between the Honourable Procul Porkington and Henry Butt as perhaps he ought to have been.

'So,' said Procul, as he stood leaning against the marble chimney-piece, with his back to the window, his face in shade, whilst the frank open features of his visitor were in the full glare of the light—'so, you are the young man who ran away from his ship!'

'Well, yes, I believe I'm the same,' said Butt with a chuckle.

'It's not a laughing matter,' said Procul seriously; 'it might be a thing for the magistrates, you know.'

Butt laughed still louder. 'Look here, gaffer,' he said, getting up and striking his breeches-pocket with his hand; 'as long as a fellow has got plenty of the ready, he needn't care about that sort of cattle.'

'There's something in that,' said Procul, a little mollified. The youth had not come to beg; that was evident. And the immediate fear of being called upon for money being removed, he began to look with some complacency on Harry Butt. 'A precious creditable thing I call it to have such a son,' he said to himself.—'There's something in that, my lad; but money won't do everything—that is, not unless you've a great lot of it.'

'Well, thank Heaven,' said Harry, 'I've made a pretty good pile. But, as you say, it won't do everything; it won't get a man father and mother, and sister and brother. That's what I want; I've come over here to England to track 'em out.'

'Ah!' said Procul, looking narrowly at Harry, 'rather a difficult job that. How will you begin?'

'Well, to say the truth,' said Harry, laughing lightly again, 'I've come to you for advice on that point. I suppose you know something about me, or you wouldn't have taken the trouble to 'prentice me out.'

'But suppose I can't help you. Suppose that I was asked to do this by a friend, and that my honour forbade me to reveal his name.'

'If your friend hadn't done anything to be ashamed of, why shouldn't you tell his name?'

'But supposing that my friend hadn't acted altogether well, not quite as you might have wished. Suppose that he had deceived a girl, and deserted her, we'll say; and then, after a while, had sent the

lad to sea, to be rid of them both, mother and son, what would you say then?'

'I should say that you'd better keep his name hid from me; that is, if he's alive. But for all that, I'll find him out; and I'll never rest till I've punished him.'

'What?' said Procul; 'your own father, you unnatural boy! But come; I'm happy to say there's no story of that kind. But before we go any further, pray, what are your reasons for making this inquiry?'

'As I tell you,' said Harry, 'I've got lots of money, and nobody in the world belonging to me; I feel strange and lonely like, and I should like to know I was somebody's son.'

'Ah! very creditable and nice, indeed. But when you've found them out, do you expect them to be people of distinction, who'll make a man of you?'

'Tell you what, sir,' said Harry, 'I don't want anybody to make a man of me; I've come to be a man without anybody's making. It's just the other way. I've made a pot of money out yonder, more than I know what to do with, hardly. Now, the thought's come over me many and many a time: Perhaps my father and mother are some poor creatures, toiling and moiling at some hard labour for a bit of bread, not knowing from one day to another how to keep body and soul together. Now, thinks I, if so be that might be the case, I should like to be a kind of Providence to them, to come down upon them unbeknown, and to lift 'em up—ay, to lift them gradually, so as they shan't know where the help comes from—ay, and to watch 'em, as they grow out of misery and despondency bit by bit into prosperity, health, and comfort. Wouldn't that be grand?'

'A very nice idea,' said Procul; 'but it would be costly to carry out. Why, you might make a hole in a thousand pounds, carrying out a thing like that.'

'And if it were fifty thousand,' said Harry, 'I'd not mind; I've got no other way for my money.'

'Have a cigar?' said Procul, taking down a box of regalias. 'You'll find these good smoking.—Now, we shall talk more comfortably. Henry, my boy, I can help you in this matter; indeed, I can. Come, we shall liquor up, eh? Ah, I love the racy, unconventional English of you colonists.—Antoine! Soda and seltzer, and cognac.'

'Do you know,' said Harry, after a pause, filling both his cheeks with smoke, and puffing forth a huge volume of it into the air, 'these aren't half bad weeds!' Here he drained a tall tumbler of soda and brandy. 'You're not half such a bad fellow, either. Thinks I, when I first saw you: "He's one of those Cockney, hands-off sort of chaps."'

Procul stood by the fireplace, warming himself, and fidgeting, and wofully at a loss what to do next. Surely this man had come to him for some good purpose! However unfortunate a man may be, and however much he may have deserved his ill-fortune, there is always at the bottom of his heart a feeling that fortune must have in reserve for him some final lucky turn. 'And,' said Porkington to himself, 'here, at the very last moment, is the lucky turn for me! Other men have been dragged down by their vices; mine shall be salvation to me.'

'Then you think,' said Porkington, after a pause

—'you think I'm not such a bad sort of fellow after all!'

'You're not, by Jove!' said Harry. 'I call this real hospitality to a forlorn, friendless sort of chap.'

'Ah, my boy,' said Procul, 'it's nature! It's nature warms our hearts, and brings us nearer together! Why, my dear fellow, when you came into this room, and I saw your face, memories crowded upon my brain.—Your poor unfortunate mother—alas! I see her now—her dear, speaking features! Harry, does your heart warm too? Don't you feel strange thrillings of real joy? Harry, can't you guess? Come, Harry, come'—putting out both his hands—'I'm your father!'

'Hands off!' cried Harry, jumping up so that the sofa spun away and banged against the wall behind it—'hands off! What!' he cried, 'you my father!—you, with your silver-plate and your grand doings, and your vauvays, and your rings, and your jewels! And your son sent away, a poor wretched lad, kicked and cuffed and rope-ended, and half-starved, and all neglected, and wretched to the very dregs! Was it you who 'prenticed me in that hell afloat? And if you're my father, where's my mother? What have you done with her? Man! give me an answer to *that*, I say!'

'And yet I did it very nicely,' said Procul to himself. 'I thought it would have fairly melted him; it very nearly melted me. But the youth wants judicious handling.'

'Harry,' he went on, 'don't reproach me. How wretched I was when I heard that you had run away, and that there was no chance of repairing my neglect! You don't know what misery it has cost me since. But I can't justify myself; I can only ask you to forgive me. But for your mother—no, I can't blame myself there. Everything that loving care could do for her was done. We were privately married, Harry, and lived under an assumed name, to avoid the persecution of my relatives; but, excepting that, your mother had hardly a wish ungratified. But she died when you were a mere infant; and then I—I was poor, dreadfully poor. I'd spent my last coin in procuring for her the little luxuries she required in her illness; and—no, Harry, my boy, I couldn't bear the sight of you!' cried Procul, choking with emotion.

'Come, don't take on, old man,' said Harry. 'Never mind about me; I was young, and it did me good. As long as you was good to the mother, I'll forgive you everything else. Here's my flipper on it.'

Procul sank into a chair, exhausted with emotion. Harry sprang up, seized a carafe of water, and stood over him.

'No, no; no water; I'm better now,' said Procul; 'and let me be alone for a while.'

'All right,' said Harry, filling his case from the box of cigars on the chimney-piece. 'I'm going into the City to see about matters, and I'll come back—to dinner, eh?—perhaps; only, don't wait for me, for I hate to be tied for time.'

CHAPTER II.—ST CUTHBERT'S CHICKS.

There is a thick fog in the City; a yellow, tawny fog, that wraps a man up like a blanket. One may see a bit of brightness at mid-day, just when the sun is a pale, watery blotch right overhead—that

is, from any open part of the City—by the Exchange, we'll say, or from the parapet of London Bridge; but here, in the closely packed parts of the City, there is scarcely any light. It is like plunging into an unknown gulf of lurid gloom, to dive into St Cuthbert's Lane.

'This is worse than the bush,' cried, in a choked voice, a stout young fellow, who was feeling his way from door to door in the lane. 'And it's no good "cooeing" here, either. Come, this is the right place at last; yes, all right!' He read on a large brass plate the following inscription: 'Vestry Offices. Clerk, Orlando Costicle;' and on another somewhat smaller plate: 'Costicle and Costicle, Solicitors.'

The fog was thick enough on the stair, and seemed to choke the solitary gas jet that quivered dimly half-way up; it was thick enough in the clerk's office; and it had even crept into the private chamber of the vestry-clerk, where there was a young man sitting with a yellow kind of halo round his head, due to fog and gas-light and sickly daylight intermixed.

'Gentleman here,' said the clerk, 'wants to see Mr Costicle. Letter of introduction.'

The young man took up the letter and a card. 'Tell him—tell Mr Butt my father's out of town,' he said, after looking at the letter.

'Look here!' said a deep voice from outside; 'it don't matter about your father.' Then a shaggy, bearded head was thrust into the room. 'You're his son, aren't you—William Costicle?—Ah! I thought so. That letter's from Sam Costicle, your brother, and there's no secrets in it. You open it.'

The young man whom Mr Butt thus addressed was not very prepossessing in appearance. His face was smooth, and without vestige of hair upon it; he had a long nose, with a considerable protuberance at the end of it, like a handle; a large wide mouth, the corners of which were usually drawn down, though, as it seemed, more from anxiety than ill-temper; strongly defined eyebrows, which were generally knitted; eyes of uncertain hue, with large and heavy lids; huge ears, surmounted by a shock head of hair. Mr Butt had rightly guessed his name to be William Costicle.

'Ah, poor Sam!' said he, opening the letter.—'So you're a friend of his,' he cried, after glancing rapidly through it, looking at his visitor rather doubtfully, as though the fact were not a powerful recommendation.

'Sam and I were two of the toughest chums!'

'No doubt. I'm rather busy just now. My father will be glad to see you, no doubt. He's not at home just now. Perhaps you'll look in again—say in a week or two.'

Harry Butt seemed rather staggered at the coolness of his reception. He looked round savagely and contemptuously—at the room, full of dusty yellow papers; at the yellow, pallid youth, who was crouching over his desk.

'I should never have thought you were a brother of Sam's,' he cried involuntarily.

'Ah, poor Sam!' said William again. 'Sad, sad, to think of! a fine career sacrificed like that! Do you know, Mr Butt, that my brother Sam might have had this seat, and occupied my place here, if he had been only reasonably steady!'

'Ha, ha, ha!' shouted Harry, with a jolly laugh, that rang through the room, and made the

fat old spiders in their dark dusty nooks think the end of the world was at hand. 'That's a good joke! Sam grinding away at these old papers; Sam trying to bury his chin in his breast-bone; Sam drying up his liver, and turning his-self into an old sheepskin! Why, mate, there ain't a sharper lad on Barling Down than Sam Costicle.'

'I'm glad to hear you speak so well of my brother. Is he more successful than he was?'

'I should think he was. Successful! Why, man, Sam—I've known him many a time go down to Melbourne with a thousand dollars of gold in his belt, and he'd spend it all in a week—drink it and game it—and come back with nothing but an old red shirt and a pair of leather breeches; and next month you'd hear he'd got the best claim on the creek, and was piling up as fast as ever. Why, I tell you there wasn't a more successful man on the diggings than Sam.'

'Tut, tut, tut,' sighed William; 'reckless, sad, reckless fellow; always the same.'

'But what I want of you,' said Butt, after a pause, 'is this: I didn't come here to make friends so much, but just as a matter of business; it's a kind of thing I'm not used to—I want a bit of advice.'

'Oh, certainly,' said William, biting the end of his pen; 'only, I'm very busy just now.'

'I shan't be long in saying my say. I've got a tidy bit of swag here, of one sort or another. Look! here's gold, about twelve thousand dollars; here's bank bills, another fifty thousand pounds or so; and here's bonds and things worth as much again. Now, I want to know what I'd better do with it?'

'My dear sir,' said William, 'you don't mean to say you go about with all this money upon you! more than a hundred thousand pounds! You must take it to a bank at once.'

'I'm not so fond of your banks,' said Harry; 'but if it's one you can guarantee'—

'I think,' said William, 'that Brown, Glass, and Brown, my bankers, would smile at the idea of my guaranteeing them; but as far as that goes, you are perfectly safe with them.'

'Well, that's right; I'll take your word for it. But how am I to get there? It's about as dark as blazes.'

'So it is—so it is,' said William thoughtfully. Mr Butt had already assumed different proportions in his eyes. A man who had a hundred thousand pounds wasn't to be knocked down and run over in a London fog as if he were an ordinary mortal; neither was he to be dismissed and lost sight of as a man simply asking for friendship and hospitality.

'I'll go with you myself,' he said after a moment's pause: 'I could find my way to Lombard Street blindfold; and you must come back with me to dine at Chelsea; mother and Ellen will be delighted to hear news of Sam: he never writes.'

'I'll come and see you with pleasure,' cried Harry; 'but I want you to do a job for me first; I want you to make my will.'

'We'll do that after we've been to the bank,' said William.

The two young men went out, and were absent for half an hour. When they returned, they appeared in much better spirits. William was quite genial. Judging from Harry's habits, it is probable they had had a drink.

'Now, let us finish this will business,' said William; 'and then we will have a cab to Chelsea. How do you want to dispose of all this money?'

'First of all, a legacy of five thousand pounds to Sam—to be tied up so as he can't touch the principal. Oh, I know Sam; he'd lose it all at euchre or blind-hooky, give him a chance. I was just as bad as Sam once. Then, after that, I'm in a bit of a fix. You see,' he said, looking a little embarrassed and confused, 'I am not exactly sure about my own relations.' Then Butt told the story of his youth, finishing with an account of the interview he had had that morning with Mr Procul Porkington. 'Now, I'm not so sure of that chap,' he said. 'He may be all square, or he mayn't. If he's told me the truth, and my mother was his wife, and she's dead, I should wish him to have the money. If not, I should like it to go to her mother, or any of her relations who can be found.'

'I see; you make him residuary legatee, if he can prove that he is your lawful father. We'd better make a trust of it; leave it to trustees to ascertain if Procul Porkington is your lawful father, and if so, to pay over to him; and so on. And if it appears that your father and mother were not lawfully united, then to ascertain who your mother was, and to pay to her, or divide among her next of kin; and so on.'

'That's about it,' said Butt.

'Who shall we make trustees?' cried William.

'You and your father,' said Harry. 'I don't know anybody else on this side of the water.'

'We shall be very proud of your confidence,' said William. 'And now, you'll come home with me, and I'll introduce you to my mother and sister.'

'I'll be very glad,' said Harry.

'That's right. But, in the meantime, I've some things to attend to. How shall we amuse you?'

'Oh, I don't want any amusing,' said Harry.

'Give me a good cigar and something to interest me, and I'll be as happy as possible.'

'It wouldn't do to smoke here,' said William, rather alarmed; 'the vestry wouldn't like it.'

'What's the vestry got to do with it?'

'These are the vestry offices you see. But, look here—are you fond of churches?'

'Not very,' said Harry; 'they are rather dry sort of places, to my mind.'

'But I think you'd like to see our church. Come this way. I'll ask Mrs Budgeon to shew you over.' William Costicle leads the way through a number of narrow passages till they reach a small dark vestibule, where there is a pointed arch, which looks strangely ancient and weird, among these modern panels and mats, and hat-stands.

Here William raps with his knuckles against an ordinary wooden door. It is opened suddenly, and a young girl appears framed in the light that thus bursts out into the darkened vestibule. Her face is hardly distinguishable; but the light streams through the loose, somewhat disordered tresses of hair, and forms a sort of golden aureola round it.

'Is your mother at home, Sally?' said young William.

'No; she ain't, Mr William.'

'Oh, I'm sorry for that; I wanted her to shew this gentleman over the church.'

'Won't I do, Mr William?' said the maid demurely. 'I shew everybody about, and I think I know more about the place than mother does.'

'Yes,' said William, rather doubtfully, 'as if he didn't quite approve of the arrangement; yes, you'll do. This gentleman has come from Australia, Sally.'

'Oh, indeed!' she said with a sudden interest, her somewhat sallow complexion lit up by a transient glow. 'Then perhaps he brings some news of Mr Sam?'

'Nothing particular, Sally; nothing we didn't know before.'

'But he knew him?—Oh, sir, you knew him, and saw him! And was he looking well, sir?'

'Very well indeed.'

'Come, Sally,' said William; 'this gentleman wants to see the church, and not to gossip. I—I think I'll go round with you.'

At this moment, however, the office-boy came in full cry after William, and told him he was wanted by a vestryman. William was obliged to go, but went reluctantly.

'You won't be more than five minutes looking round,' he said, 'and then you'll come back to my room.'

'All right,' said Henry.

Sally Budgeon led the way through a narrow passage with a groined stone roof, which, turning sharply to the left, brought them to a lofty arch, forming the north entrance to the church.

St Cuthbert's Church was built in the years just preceding the Reformation, at a time when the old faith, though, indeed, fast losing its hold on the reasoning spirits of the age, would yet have seemed, to superficial observers, to have taken a new lease of vigorous life; for here were new churches arising, there old ones being restored, religion made popular, a new development of faith: never had the ritual been more alluring by its pomp and glitter, nor had the works of the architect, of the mason, of the painter on glass, of the enameller, of the mosaic painter, been more in request for the adornment of Christian churches; never were the clergy more active and powerful, the rich more ready to give of their wealth, the poor of their prayers; and yet it was all an expiring gleam.

Thus arose St Cuthbert's; transformed from a grim, dark, old, Norman chapel, it outsprung into a cheerful canopy of stone and carved oak. To the critical eye, indeed, approaching poverty and meanness of style were too apparent; the elongated bases of the columns seemed to stretch out to meet the feeble capitals, as though they had run to seed; the flowing traceries of old were replaced by stiff and rigid lines; the old style was decaying, and no young, vigorous offshoot was springing from its roots. Yet, notwithstanding all this, there was about the building both lightness and grace.

St Cuthbert's had escaped the great fire that destroyed the bulk of the City churches, and had not sustained much damage at the hands of churchwardens, except that, at the close of the last century, the chancel having fallen out of repair, the rector had gladly closed with the proposal of his parishioners to pull it down, and build, upon the site and an adjoining piece of land, offices for the transaction of the business of the vestry. So that, against and around the church had sprung up a cluster of secular buildings, which indeed quite shut out any view of the church itself from St Cuthbert's Lane.

The vestry offices stood at the east end of the pile; but the necessity of allowing light for the east window had obliged the builder to leave a space between the east end of the church and the side of the new building. At right angles to the vestry offices, standing between the church and

the street, was the sexton's house; and the sexton's door was the usual entrance to the church, although, on Sundays, the great south door was thrown open, access to which was obtained from St Biddulph's Lane at the back.

St Cuthbert's Church represented, therefore, not only a religious, but also an administrative district. On Sundays, feeble psalms and muttered lessons indeed reminded you of the sacred purpose of the edifice; but on week-days you might hear within its fane the echoes of much secular talk of pavements, of rates, of gas, and of water; for the powers of the vestry were large and vague. They had something to do with the costermongers, and they exercised a mild supervision over perambulators; they were often up to their official ears in paving-stones, and held decided views upon sewage; yet who they were, or what their privileges might be, whether they held of the City, the church, or the crown, nobody ever knew, unless, indeed, it were Orlando Costicle, their veteran and vigilant clerk.

It was a curious chance that brought this brown-bearded Australian to the strange pile, half church and half council-chamber—a curious chance that he should be standing beside that young girl, who had something, in the trick of her lip and the carriage of her head, that reminded you of the youth to whom she was now acting as guide.

Young Harry Butt, who had rather a seaman's gait and manner, except that he scanned the earth more than the sky, made a great clatter on the stone pavement as he stumped into St Cuthbert's. But when he turned and looked round, the sight of this old church, with its soaring columns, its massive oaken roof, its aspect of ancient quiet and repose, the filtered gauzy sunbeams now streaming feebly through the clerestory windows, and making an upper arcade of light, in which angel-wings might almost seem to be fluttering; the rich glare from the painted windows—all these made young Harry, for a moment, stand abashed by his fair conductor, and give a great gasp of astonishment and wonder; for he was but a rough fellow from the bush, and had never seen anything like this in his life.

Sally stood beside him, jingling the keys gently, and looking up furtively at this stout, burly youth, and wondering what sort of a world it was he had come from, and whether she would like to go and live there: he was more interesting to her than all these stone props.

'Come into the churchyard,' she said to him, when she thought he had staid long enough in the church. 'The vestry have laid it out beautiful.'

They went out by the south door, and into the churchyard. The fog had vanished all of a sudden: a waft of air had shattered its hold on the City; it had lifted up like a curtain, and was gone; and the bright sun was streaming over the grass-covered graves.

For all the flat stones of humble folk had been carted away and broken up into macadam, and had been swallowed up in hot tar, and had been rolled upon by heavy rollers, and were as lost to any human ken as any poor soul they were the last record of. Only here and there those defunct persons, who had been dignified with a tomb shaped like a tea-caddy, or who had relations still among the vestry, had kept their upper copings intact, and slept beneath their load of stone. But

for the rest, the turf covered them ; they had been swallowed up by the earth, as drowned men by the sea, lost and undistinguished in the general mass.

The limes, that covered the graveyard with a pleasant shade, rustled and whispered in the sunshine ; the City sparrows twittered ; the traffic of the town murmured in the distance, like the far-off roll of the sea ; and Harry stood looking down upon his golden-haired little friend, quite lost and entranced.

'And who is buried under that great big monument there ?' said Harry, pointing to a huge stone sarcophagus, surrounded by an iron railing, one of those spared by the modern improvements.

'Oh, that's Sir Jasper Porkington's,' said Sally.

'Porkington, eh ? Who was he ?'

'He was a lawyer, I've heard, and something very great ; a judge, or something of that sort. He belonged to the parish in some way, and it was through him father got this berth.'

'How was that ?'

'Father was servant to Sir Jasper, and grandmother too—mother's mother, that is. Mother can just recollect him, she says ; but he died forty years ago, when mother was only ten years old.'

'Then your father's a good deal older than your mother ?'

'Yes, sir ; twenty years at least. Father's seventy, and mother's only fifty.'

'And was he any relation to Mr Procul Porkington, I wonder ?'

'I don't know, sir,' said Sally. 'It isn't a common name.—Do you know, mother ?' she cried, turning to an elderly woman, in a black dress, and black poke bonnet, who came out into the churchyard at this moment.

'What's that, my child ?'

'Whether Sir Jasper was any relation to—You say the name, sir ; I can't remember it.'

'To Mr Procul Porkington ?' said Harry.

Mrs Budgeon shook all over, as she answered : 'I've heard he was, sir. But what do you know about him, sir, if I may make bold to ask ?'

'Nay, I only want to know something. Wasn't there some story about him ? He married beneath him, or something, eh ?'

'No, sir ; I don't know anything about it,' said Mrs Budgeon, shaking her head. 'And if you please, sir, Mr William sent me to say as he was waiting for you to go home, sir.'

'Tell him I'm coming, Mrs Budgeon, please,' said Harry.

But Harry lingered, and so did Sally.

'And did you know Mr Sam out in Australia ?' she cried, turning her large gray eyes full upon him. 'Did you know him very well ?'

'Sam was a great chum of mine,' said Harry ; 'I loved him like a brother.'

'Loved him, you say : then you don't love him now ?' said Sally, half jealous for herself, and half for Sam.

'O yes, I do,' said Harry, with a chuckle ; 'only, it's a long way off, and I seem to have begun a new life here.'

'How different men are from us !' said poor little Sally. 'Isn't it in poetry'—this very diffidently—

'"Absence makes the heart grow fonder ?"'

'Out o' sight, out o' mind,' said Harry bluntly ; 'that's more like it.'

'Oh, but I don't think it's always so—not when people truly love. What do you think, sir ?'

Harry burst into a laugh, which caused the little maid to shrink into herself and blush painfully.

'Sam was a very good fellow,' he cried ; 'but as for that, I hope there's nobody grieving after him over here. He's got two wives out yonder, to my certain knowledge, and I don't know everything about Mr Sam.'

'Oh ! here you are,' cried William, coming to the church door, and looking out into the churchyard. 'It's turned out quite fine, and it's our Saturday half-holiday. We'll go home by the river, if you like.'

'All right,' said Harry ; 'I'm your man.'

Sally lingered behind, and didn't come into the house till they had both gone.

LONDON HOSPITALS.

THE appointment of a special Sunday on which appeals are made and offerings solicited on behalf of the metropolitan hospitals, affords an opportunity when it may not be out of place to consider what these institutions are, and the work which they are doing. A hospital was originally—as the Latin word from which its name is derived, implies—a place of shelter or refreshment for travellers, more especially pilgrims. Like all other charitable institutions, the hospital is entirely a creation of Christianity : to the ancients, it was altogether unknown. The Greeks idolised robust manhood, and the perfectly developed human form, but looked with contempt upon physical weakness. But, though the nations of antiquity thought it beneath them to make provision for the sick and the infirm, the first lessons of Christianity taught men otherwise. As the church grew in wealth and influence, her charities increased too. After the example of her divine Founder, she taught men to look with reverence upon suffering and poverty ; and wherever her sway extended, she left the merciful marks of her dominion in the charitable institutions with which she covered the earth. Gradually, as means of travelling became easier, as inns and places of entertainment for strangers multiplied, and as regular pilgrimages became less frequent, the hospital ceased to be a place of shelter for travellers. Convents, to a great extent, supplied its place, by throwing open their doors to passing strangers, and the hospital began to assume its distinctive character as a place for the reception and treatment of the sick and infirm. At the present day, in no capital in Europe can the hospitals be at all compared to those of London, in number and variety, in the extent of their revenues, or in the eminence and skill of the medical staff by whom they are served. And these hospitals, it must be borne in mind, not only afford relief to the sick and suffering ; they are also schools of medicine and surgery, and are able to offer advantages to the professional student which would be unattainable in any other way. In considering the hospitals of London, we shall, for the sake of convenience, divide them into four classes : 1. General Hospitals ; 2. Special Hospitals ; 3. Children's Hospitals ; 4. Class Hospitals.

The *General Hospitals* of London are widely

known; and are among the features of the metropolis. The pile of buildings, covering about as much ground as an ordinary-sized village, called St Thomas's Hospital, which has recently risen on the Surrey side of the river, attracts the notice of every visitor to London. In addition to this, there are some ten or twelve others, whose names at least are familiar to most people. Who has not heard of St Bartholomew's, of Guy's, the London, King's College, the Metropolitan, the Middlesex, the Great Northern, St George's, Charing Cross, University, &c.? These noble institutions, scattered over different parts of London, vary in the extent of their accommodation from six hundred and fifty to two hundred beds, and some of them provide relief during the year for as many as eighty or one hundred thousand out-patients. They have returns varying from five thousand to forty thousand pounds per annum. Some idea of the magnitude of the work which they are doing may be formed from the fact, that during the past year, the eight first mentioned of the above hospitals have administered relief to half a million patients. Thus, estimating the population of London at three millions, we find that one in every six persons of all classes in the metropolis obtains relief from one of these eight hospitals in the course of the year. Now, considering that there are some half-dozen other general hospitals in addition to those mentioned, as well as the whole long list of hospitals for special diseases and special classes, it will be seen that the total proportion of those obtaining relief must be materially increased; and still more startling will this appear if we eliminate from our calculation the whole of those classes, in the heterogeneous population of London, who are themselves independent of hospitals. Then when we are told that all this vast supply of relief is not yet nearly sufficient for the wants of London, that the hospitals are continually beset with applicants for whose admission no place can be found, that there are not remedies in sufficient quantities to meet the demands for them, nor funds to supply them, it helps us in some degree to realise the huge load of suffering that is borne by the great human family in London. St Bartholomew's is the oldest of the hospitals. It was founded, we see from an inscription on a tablet in the entrance-hall, as far back as the year 1123, by Rahere, Prior of the Monastery of St Bartholomew. After the dissolution of abbeys and monasteries by Henry VIII. the charitable purposes of the founder were respected. Since then, St Bartholomew's has increased largely in size and wealth. At the present time, it has not fewer than six hundred and fifty beds, and gives relief in the course of the year to upwards of one hundred thousand, including out-patients. There are twenty-six wards, each of which is under the care of a 'sister,' with three or four nurses under her. The wards are spacious, airy, and well ventilated. Those on the ground-floor are kept for surgical cases. The medical wards are on the first and second floors. The most perfect order and cleanliness is apparent in all these wards. Descending to an apartment underground, but still airy and well ventilated, we come to the casualty wards, reserved for accidents and sudden emergencies. Here, in a small separate ward, is a case of delirium tremens; there is an attempted suicide; next to him a case of simple drunkenness; and so on.

Accidents are admitted at all times without notice, and the doors of the hospital are open to receive them night as well as day. The general hospitals are nearly alike in all their principal features. In a few points of detail they differ. St Thomas's is supposed to embody all the most modern improvements; and certainly any one paying even a cursory visit to it, can hardly fail to be struck by the perfection of its internal arrangements; while the cheerfulness of its situation, looking out on the river, with its endless life and variety, and the sunny walks and well-drained grounds, conduce to make it an institution of which the metropolis may well be proud. The Middlesex Hospital has a special cancer ward, in which sufferers are permitted to 'remain until relieved by art, or released by death.' University boasts of a very complete set of medicinal baths, erected at a cost of over two thousand pounds. The Metropolitan Free Hospital differs from the others in being entirely free—that is to say, no letters of recommendation are required for admission. Poverty and sickness are the only introductions that are necessary. On these terms it has given relief during the past year to 88,749 sufferers.

Special Hospitals.—The list of hospitals for special diseases is a long one; their name is legion. To glance at their titles only is to see a catalogue of all the infirmities which can afflict humanity. Happy the man who can read it over and feel that he has himself, as yet, no knowledge of anything beyond their names. Such a one may well be thankful; but he will do well to remember that the time may come—he cannot tell how soon—when, either for himself or some one near to him, he may have to take a fearful interest in some one or other of the maladies upon that list. Here is provision made for whatever human skill can do to heal or to alleviate disease under whatever form it may make its attack on man; whether it comes with the thunder-clap of paralysis or heart-complaint, or with the slow, insidious footsteps of decline; whether it runs its course fiercely to a crisis under the garb of fever or smallpox, or takes up a lifelong abode in some crippled and distorted frame.

It would, of course, be impossible, in a paper like the present, to speak in detail of all these hospitals; we shall attempt a short description of one, which may serve as an example of what is being done in the others, each of them being specially adapted for the treatment of the particular disease for which it is set apart. That which is devoted to the sufferers from the most fatal of all diseases in this country—consumption and chest-complaints—seems a suitable instance. There appears to have been no hospital for chest-complaints in London before the year 1814, when the Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Chest was founded by the late Duke of Kent in the City Road. This, though it gives relief to some five thousand out-patients annually, has never been anything but a small hospital as regards its accommodation for in-patients. The council are now seeking for subscriptions to enable them to enlarge the building, and it is earnestly to be hoped that they will thus obtain the means of extending the great work which they are carrying on. In 1841, the Consumption Hospital at Brompton was founded; and since then, the Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, in Victoria Park. It will be seen, by reference to a

map, that the Brompton and Victoria Park hospitals are situated exactly at the two opposite extremes of London, north-east and south-west. That in the City Road stands about midway between them. Quite of late years, another Consumption Hospital has been established at Hampstead, where the dry bracing air is said to be of great advantage in the treatment of the complaint.

The Brompton Hospital is the largest of the chest hospitals, and in many respects its arrangements are so perfect that it well deserves to be taken as a representative institution.* Its warm-looking red-brick exterior is familiar to the passers along the Fulham Road, and many may have paused to look in through the railing, and watch the feeble figures who may be seen on a sunny spring day pacing slowly up and down the grand walks, or resting on the seats in the pleasant, neatly laid-out grounds. Entering the house, we find on the ground-floor the dispensary and rooms for out-patients, laboratory, museums, &c. The in-patients are accommodated entirely on the first and second floors. The first is devoted exclusively to females. There is a large, cheerful, well-lighted corridor running along the whole length of the building, for the use of the patients during the daytime. This is a most valuable feature of the hospital; it is kept permanently at the same temperature as the wards, and thus enables patients to take exercise when the weather is too bad to permit them to go out. It also affords at all times a cheerful and pleasant change from the sleeping-rooms without the risk of a change of temperature. Here we saw groups of patients scattered about, reading, or walking, or enjoying a sociable chat. Others were taking an afternoon walk, unmet by the nipping east wind which was blowing outside. Inside the wards we found patients—alas! many unable to exchange their beds even for this adjoining gallery. This paper is intended to be practical, and not sensational, and therefore we shall make no personal remarks on the patients themselves. It is now pretty generally understood that consumption is not the disease which poets and novelists have represented it; it is not a painless and almost imperceptible decline. It is a disease varying in character, but in all its forms attended with more or less physical suffering, and it is essentially a disease in which, at every stage, much may be done to soothe and to alleviate where healing is not possible. In such cases, all that can be done is done in the Brompton Hospital; but it is satisfactory to know that by far the larger number leave the hospital either cured or benefited, as the average rate of deaths in proportion to those admitted is only about eight per cent. Cases that are considered altogether beyond relief are excluded from admission. The system of ventilation, so important a consideration where chest-complaints are concerned,

is very perfect at Brompton. There is a shaft heated by steam into which all the vitiated air from the wards and corridors is conducted, and there are valves in all the chimneys. All the wards have open fireplaces, in which good fires are kept, the annual coal-bill being, as we were informed by the secretary, from seven to eight hundred pounds. The second floor is arranged in exactly the same manner as the first, and is reserved for male patients, as the first is for female. Each floor makes up one hundred and five beds. There is a lift for the use of patients, and this is not the least of the luxuries offered in this institution, as it enables those who could not otherwise go up and down stairs to have the advantage of getting into the open air without exertion. One item alone from the dispensary will serve to give an idea of the extent of the relief afforded by this hospital. During the past year, there was supplied to out-patients and those in the house no less than two thousand gallons of cod-liver oil! The three chest-hospitals above mentioned make up about four hundred beds between them, and relieve some thirty thousand out-patients in the course of the year. A noble work! we exclaim at first sight; and so it is; but a glance at the hard figures of the Registrar-general shews us its insufficiency. We find by his Report that there are about twenty-two thousand deaths in London annually from diseases of the chest. Now, to give this number of deaths, the proportion of those suffering from these complaints must be fearfully large. The death-rate at Brompton is, as we have seen, only eight per cent. Supposing even that we take a somewhat higher rate, the calculation will be vast enough to convince us that the thirty thousand who obtained relief from the hospitals are only the favoured few among the sufferers from chest-complaints in London. And as it is with them, so with the other special hospitals. They are doing much, but their efforts are quite insufficient to relieve the vast mass of human suffering which exists in London.

Children's Hospitals have come into existence only of late years. Several of the general hospitals have children's wards attached to them; but not alone did the number of little patients altogether exceed the accommodation these wards could supply, but it was found by experience that a special system of treatment was required for children, so distinct from that for adults, whether as regards hours of rest, or food, or nursing generally, that this could be best provided by special hospitals for children only. The amount of infantile mortality and sickness in London is fearful to contemplate, and all the more so from the fact, that a very large proportion of it comes from preventable causes. On an average, thirty-five per cent. of all the children that are born die before completing their tenth year. This one fact is sufficiently startling and painful—that thirty-five out of every one hundred children come into this world only to die; that for every hundred thousand human beings born, thirty-five thousand little coffins will be ordered before they have completed ten years of life! But when one considers, in addition, that for every child who dies there are probably many who are enervated and crippled for life by disease or accident, and thus cut off for ever from the possibility of earning a living; and then when we are told that a large proportion of this

* It must be understood, however, that it is not intended to express the slightest preference for any of the hospitals described here over other kindred institutions. Rather—as the limited space at our command precludes mention of all—we would say: 'Ex uno disce omnes.' From one example learn what all are like, and see the noble work they are doing. There are, as we have said, special hospitals for the treatment of every malady, grave or light, from consumption to toothache (London has two dental hospitals), and each is admirably adapted for its peculiar object.

suffering comes from sheer neglect, from living in ignorance or defiance of sanitary laws, or from want of proper food or other necessities of life—it is only on considering these things that we can appreciate the blessings that are derived from these children's hospitals. Were such facts more generally known, and reflected on, public liberality would soon enable these noble institutions to extend their work, so as to be, as it ought to be, in proportion to the wants and sufferings of London's children.

The well-known Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street was the first institution of the kind established in London. It was founded in 1851. It is so widely known, and has been so often described in its admirable arrangements and its valuable and beneficent work, that it seems hardly necessary to give a detailed account of it here, and it will, perhaps, be more useful to make mention of some humbler and less familiar institutions. There are altogether now six children's hospitals in London, dispersed over different quarters of this great, widely-spread metropolis. On the Surrey side of the water, down in the densely populated neighbourhood of Southwark, stands the Evelina Hospital for children, founded in 1869 by Baron Rothschild, and named after his late wife. It is a fine building, and no cost has been spared in introducing all the most modern improvements. The wards, which are twelve in number, are lofty, well ventilated, and cheerful. Large plate-glass windows light all the rooms. Comfortable iron cots are ranged along the side. Each little patient is supplied with a neat red flannel jacket; and as one looks upon these little ones playing with the toys with which they are considerably provided, or taking their meals off little portable tables, stretched across the cots, it is pleasant to think that for these at least sickness has, as far as is possible by human means, been disarmed of its worst features. One great advantage which this hospital possesses is a special ward for whooping-cough, and another, separated from the main building, which is reserved for cases of fever which may originate within the hospital. The house is constructed to hold one hundred beds. At present, forty-eight are fitted and occupied. The founder maintains thirty at his own cost, and donations are now sought for to enable the committee to complete and fill the hospital.

Far away in the extreme east, at Ratcliff Cross, on the bank of the river, in a thickly inhabited locality, where poverty and sickness are rife, is fitted up a temporary hospital, called the East London Hospital for Children. If at the Evelina one sees the luxury of hospital management, here one may admire the determined effort to fight with poverty and disease, under all difficulties and disadvantages. Here are no lofty, spacious wards, no plate-glass windows, and bath-rooms, and operating theatre; but up a narrow winding staircase, in attic rooms which hardly permit one to stand upright—the place was a sail-maker's warehouse once—are five-and-thirty little beds, in which are five-and-thirty little sufferers, tended by a kind and skilful doctor, and a band of experienced and devoted nurses. The nurses in this hospital are all young girls, but thoroughly trained, and so zealous in their duty, that, on one occasion when the funds of the institution had got very low, it is said they all offered to serve for

nothing. The diseases of the little patients in this hospital tell their own tale; they are nearly all such as have their root in defective nourishment, or overcrowding, or want of air or cleanliness. Rickets, consumption, scrofula, among the medical cases, are the most frequent; hip and knee complaints among the surgical, with here and there an accident from neglect: and these five-and-thirty little sufferers are, of course, only a sample of the hundreds of others who, in a district numbering about four hundred thousand of the poorest inhabitants, are swarming about the doors of the hospital, and seeking in vain for admission. This hospital was opened only in 1868, by Mr and Mrs Heckford (their names well deserve to be known), who began with ten beds in the present premises. Within a year, it had increased to the present number; since then, the institution has been bravely struggling on, in spite of adverse circumstances and slender means. On one occasion its funds were reduced as low as ten pounds, and the managers were almost despairing, when, just at that moment, an anonymous benefactor paid to its account one thousand pounds, which has been three times repeated since. The board of management are now making an appeal for funds to build a new hospital to contain one hundred beds, on the land which has already been purchased near the present site. They want ten thousand pounds to enable them to commence it. Surely, in wealthy London, such a demand for such a purpose needs only to be known in order to be supplied.

There is another children's hospital which affords a good instance of the valuable results that may spring from humble beginnings. In the year 1867, two young ladies, having had experience of the fearful amount of disease existing among the children in the district where they visited—Bethnal Green—put aside their pocket-money for the purpose of opening a dispensary for the relief of children in that neighbourhood. The attendance was so large that, in the following year, they took a house in the Hackney Road, and solicited subscriptions. In 1869, two small wards, containing twelve beds, were opened in addition to the out-patients' department; and the income for that year was upwards of five hundred pounds. Since then, it has gone on gradually increasing; and last year upwards of ten thousand out-patients were relieved, and as many as one hundred and thirty-two in-patients had been received during the same period. It is, however, besieged by applications which cannot be responded to from want of accommodation; and numbers of most distressing cases are being, with reluctance, continually refused admission. To meet in some degree this demand, they are asking at the present time for aid in building a new hospital upon the property, of which they have just completed the purchase. It would be difficult to find, even in this metropolis, a better site for a hospital than that of this North-eastern Hospital for Children, in the Hackney Road, forming, as it does, a centre for such poverty-stricken and densely populated districts as Shoreditch, Bethnal Green, Haggerston, and Hackney.

We have dwelt upon these children's hospitals because they are, we feel convinced, destined to occupy a still more prominent place in the future. It is not merely that there is something in suffering childhood which appeals to everybody; nor that in the relief given to children there is no

risk of pauperising or creating loss of self-respect; but it must be remembered that a little timely aid at this period may often save them from the fate of growing up burdens to themselves and others, and be the means of giving to society healthy men and women in the place of helpless cripples.

Under the term *Class Hospitals*, it is meant to include those which are set apart, not for special diseases, but for special classes. Such are the Herbert Hospital for soldiers, appropriately named in honour of the late Lord Herbert; the Seamen's Hospital; also those belonging to different nationalities. There is a German Hospital at Dalston, containing one hundred beds; and those who are not aware of the numbers of Germans who are settled in London will be surprised to hear that upwards of sixteen thousand patients were under treatment during last year. Then the Jews have a hospital at Norwood; and again, for Spanish and Portuguese Jews, there is a hospital called 'Belti Holim' at Mile End. The Seamen's Hospital has now been granted a lease, at a nominal rent, of the late infirmary of Greenwich Hospital, in lieu of the *Dreadnought*, which it formerly occupied. This is the only hospital for seamen in the neighbourhood of London; and when one looks out upon the vast forest of masts rising up from the Thames, when one thinks of the numbers of seamen from every country on the globe who annually arrive in the port of London, and when one considers how much of the wealth of this metropolis depends upon their skill and hardihood, it must be admitted that this hospital has pre-eminent claims upon the sympathy and support of Englishmen. The present building is admirably suited for a hospital. The wards are lofty and airy rooms, and only contain three or four beds each. This is a great advantage, when the patients belong to so many different nationalities, that the result of a large ward would be to produce a regular babel of tongues. Notwithstanding this expenditure of space, the premises are sufficiently large to admit of about three hundred patients being accommodated at a time. Whether it be the contrast between a hospital bed and the usual activity of his life, or the lack of that 'jollity' which is conventionally supposed to form part of his character—whichever it be, there is no class of patient that appears so thoroughly helpless as poor Jack Tar when you see him stretched on his back. It is touching to see the child-like docility with which the great strong fellow surrenders himself to the nurse, and accepts every suggestion that comes from her. This hospital is open to sick and diseased seamen of all nations, and it is perfectly free. No letter of recommendation is required; the necessity of the patients being sufficient to secure their instant admission. Less than this could not be expected from a great maritime country. Sick seamen are continually arriving as total strangers in the port of London, and their condition would be forlorn indeed without such an institution as this. Here they find within their reach skillful physicians and surgeons, and all that care and nursing can do to fit them for again pursuing their calling. About one-half the number of patients admitted into this hospital are Englishmen; the remaining half consists of natives of every country in the four quarters of the globe; while as many as one hundred and eighty-five are true children of the seas, having

been born at sea, and claiming the protection of the country under whose flag they sailed.

Several of the large hospitals have what are called 'Samaritan funds' attached to them for giving special privileges to patients. One of the most important of these privileges is enabling patients who have been benefited at the hospital to go to a Convalescent Home for the completion of their cure. These institutions do not come under the head of metropolitan hospitals, as they are all in the country, but in very many cases they practically contribute towards the treatment of metropolitan hospital patients. There are convalescent homes in the neighbourhood of London, at Ascot, at Walton-on-Thames, and at Ockham, and several others at the different watering-places, Eastbourne, Bognor, Ramsgate, Dover, Seaford, Bournemouth. Those who have felt the invigorating and restorative effects of sea-air upon a constitution debilitated by illness and long confinement, will be able to understand the blessings which can be afforded to the sick poor of London by a sojourn in one or other of these sea-side homes. One word of practical suggestion before concluding. Donations in kind are gratefully received by all the London hospitals. Few people consider, or are aware how useful many of the things that are every day cast aside or wasted might become, by being collected and sent to one or other of the hospitals. In addition to cast-off wearing-apparel of men, women, or children, which is most valuable for giving to poor patients on leaving the hospital, we would especially mention newspapers, magazines, and periodicals. Some of the railway companies have adopted the plan of placing a large box on the platform at the terminus to receive papers for the use of hospital patients. It is to be wished that the plan was universally adopted. It might even be extended with advantage to provincial stations for the benefit of the local infirmary. The traveller who buys a paper to beguile the tedium of his journey, and after glancing over it, pronounces 'there is nothing in it,' may, by dropping it into this box, have the satisfaction of knowing that it will be a prize for some poor patient, to be eagerly conned over by him during the long dreary hours of confinement. But besides this, in most houses, periodicals and magazines accumulate rapidly in these days of cheap and abundant literature. They are seldom used after they have lost their first novelty. Such publications—especially those containing illustrations—if collected and forwarded periodically to some hospital, would be of great value.

Then, again, how much pleasure would pictures and toys, when cast aside by the spoiled pets of the nursery, bestow on the little sufferers in the children's hospitals! Lastly, all sick people love flowers. Children seem especially to yearn after them. They delight to see large nosegays standing in water on the tables in the wards; and we have seen a little patient made happy for a whole afternoon, by a handful of primroses and violets, to play with on his bed. Those who have gardens of their own, would not enjoy them less for the occasional gift of a hamper of flowers, which perhaps they would hardly miss, to be put into the little hands which cannot gather them for themselves. All of us—us who have the use of our limbs, and can walk out into the green fields—have a share in the great garden which is spread around us at this season; it is easy to sympathise

with the craving for fresh flowers on the part of those who, cooped up within four walls, are unable to enjoy the gifts which summer brings even to the poorest of those who can walk abroad.

THE CONIBOS.

IN the course of the exploration of South America from the Pacific to the Atlantic, whose history is being narrated in instalments by Mr Paul Marcoy,* the expedition fell in with, and made careful studies of a number of Indian tribes whose existence is hardly known to the outer world, but who offer an almost endless variety of tribal customs and individual features to the observation of the traveller. Among these there are some who, having in former times been brought under the now long-dispelled influence of the Spanish *Missiones*, adopted a kind of Christianity, and for a time, at least, had a glimmering of civilisation; while there are others who have never suffered the isolation of their savage life to be interrupted by communications from without, who have adhered steadily to their own ways, and whose aspect of to-day is, in all probability, precisely the same as that of their forefathers, countless generations before the armed heel of Pizarro rang upon the soil of Peru. Among the latter are the Conibos, a very singular tribe, whose territory occupies two hundred miles of river-frontage, and may be found upon the map of the Amazons between Paruitcha and Cosiabatay. Their country abounds in wonderful beauty, and is eminently productive. Inland, on either bank of the gigantic river, beyond the long stretches of sand, rise yellow-tinted slopes, crowned with primeval forests, which are tenanted by the beautiful birds and beasts that abound in regions but little disturbed by even savage man. The river in this part of its course is very beautiful, winding about, studded with islands; and when, in narrow channels, it rolls its yellow waters between the solemn walls of verdure, which sometimes replace the sands, there is perfect silence on its bosom, while the air beyond is filled with the fluttering of leaves, and the stir of birds and beasts. As the canoes of the explorers glide along, a succession of exquisite landscapes, and strange sights by the river-side, glorious daybreaks, twilights, and moonlights, lend the scene an inconceivable beauty. Legions of living creatures are there; caymans plough the sand in furrows; seals, come up to breathe, lurk under the reeds; in the solitary little bays, dolphins, sometimes four abreast, gambol and flash. All along the shore, on trunks of fallen trees, are wild creatures, jaguars, otters, herons, storks, flamingoes, fishing; and trotting about fearless, unmolested, is the bird of poetic name, the cultirostre or 'peacock of the roses'. There, too, are couroucous, clothed in green, red, and gold; manakins, with changing streaks of colour; orioles and toucans, parrots and paroquets, and the great kingfisher, with his azure back and white wings fringed with black. Then comes a strip of reeds, broad-leaved, curling, thick, and strong, of great height, close covert for countless water and mud creatures; and again the broad shelving sands. A poetic voyage, truly, but sometimes interrupted by a strange

sound, not to be heard without terror even when it has been often heard. It is the noise of the frequent landlips, when huge masses of the river-banks, composed of sand and vegetable detritus, have been undermined by the waves, and suddenly detaching themselves from the firm ground for perhaps a mile in length, slip down into the great river, dragging with them the trees they have nourished, and the linking lianas which bind them together, as though with mighty cables. Down they rush, with all their beautiful living load, and are lost in the waters, while the thunder of their ruin, often heard at ten miles' distance, is like heavy discharges of ordnance.

Beyond the shelving sands, by the creeks and streams which branch off from the great Ucayali-Amazon, the Conibos dwell; a race utterly isolated, but a branch of the once great Pano nation. But for the habitual expression of strangeness and sadness which characterises their countenances, in common with those of all the Peruvian Indians, the Conibos differ from the other native tribes. They are singularly short of stature, never exceeding, rarely ever reaching five feet three, lumpish of figure, with high cheek-bones, small yellow eyes (the pupils tobacco-colour), oblique in shape, and set wide apart. Their thick lips disclose yellow teeth, well set, and gums dyed black by the use of an Indian plant called yanammen. Their faces are almost spherical, and Mr Marcoy says this shape 'gives them a look of *bonhomie* and simplicity which corrects the disagreeable impression they make at first sight'. Their skin is very dark, and has a peculiarity which reveals at once the chief drawback to the otherwise exquisite pleasure of travelling in their beautiful country; 'it is rough to the touch, like shagreen,' says Mr Marcoy, 'from being incessantly punctured by mosquitoes.' These dreadful insects are the plague of the whole country; the foreigner suffers unbearably from them, and they never leave off biting the Conibos, who do not seem to mind them. Both men and women cut their hair like a brush to the level of the eyebrows, and leave the rest to flow over their shoulders. It is a peculiarity of this tribe that ornament, indeed almost clothing, is reserved for the men only. In the typical portraits furnished by Mr Marcoy, the women wear only a strip of brown cloth, though the mosquitoes are quite impartial in their attacks, while the men wear a loose garment, like a wagoner's smock without sleeves, of brown cotton, ornamented with a border of Greek pattern, lozenges, and zigzags, traced in black with a pencil to imitate embroidery. Whence came this vague sense of art? They all paint their faces, but the men use more colouring than the women, laying on the red very freely, in thick, broad stripes. Black paint is used for (literally) body-colour. A Conibo in full dress will have sandals painted on his feet as far as the ankles, or buskins as high as the knees, like riding-boots; a jacket or coat painted on his body, open at the breast, and festooned round the hips; on his hands gloves or mittens. But besides these ordinary designs, they have arabesques of the most complicated kind for gala-days, which they apply to their faces by a process of stencilling, just as the Etruscans applied their patterns to their vases, and they adorn themselves with necklaces and earrings of black and white beads which they buy at Tierra Blanca. A few of the men who occasionally visit

* *A Journey across South America from the Pacific Ocean to the Atlantic Ocean.* By Paul Marcoy. London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow: Blackie and Son.

the Missions to exchange turtles, or the prepared fat of those creatures, or wax, for axes, knives, and beads, have learned the use of straw-hats, which they make for themselves from the young palm reeds. The toilet of the men is a serious operation, in which a Conibo usually spends half his time; the women never think of any personal adornment, and are mere slaves, toilers, and beasts of burden. Their intelligence is, however, very remarkable, and it is with no small surprise we learn that they possess an extraordinary talent for the manufacture of pottery, and for painting and varnishing it afterwards. This is so entirely unlike anything which has been observed respecting the other Peruvian Indian tribes, that it induces a belief in the superior antiquity of the descent of the Conibos, of their kinship to the original race. These women have no tools but their fingers, and one of the shells of those great mussels which are found in the lakes of the interior. With these they fashion water-jars, jugs, cups, and basins, whose forms might belong to the best period of the Ando-Peruvian ceramic manufacture. 'They roll the clay into thin cakes,' says Mr Marcey, 'which they lay one upon another, and unite with such exactness that it would be impossible to discover in their work an equivocal line or a doubtful curve. The potter's wheel is not more mathematically true.' It is in a clearing of the forest, always situated a few steps from their dwelling, and which the men use as a timber-yard for the construction of their canoes, that the women establish their earthenware manufacture. To bake and varnish their work, a clear fire is lighted on the shore. Whilst they overlook the progress of the operation, an old woman sings and dances round the pile, to prevent the evil spirit from touching the vessels. When the vessels are baked, the women varnish the interior with gum-copal, and then proceed to their exterior decoration. Five simple colours are all that these native artists make use of; the art of mixing, and the transition shades, are either unknown to them, or not available. Lampblack, yellow extracted from one of the *Guttifera*, a violet-tinted blue yielded by the American indigo, a dirty green obtained by macerating the leaves of a capsicum, and a dull red procured from the arnotto, form their entire array of tints. Their pencils are made of three or four blades of dried grass fastened in the middle, or even of a cotton-wick, rolled up like those paper 'stumps' which artists make for themselves as they want them. Besides Greek borders, lozenges, intersecting lines, and other ornamental fancies, which they employ in the decoration of their pottery, their painted designs include some charming hieroglyphics, suggested by the plumage of the beautiful heron of the country (*Ardea helias*). 'The fantastic markings of this bird, extremely rare, and nearly always solitary, have given the Conibo women the idea of a special kind of arabesques for their vases and woven stuffs, as the spatula-shaped tail of the seal has furnished the men with the model for their paddles.'

In addition to this combination of industry and art, which is a most surprising spectacle to the traveller in that wonderful wild land, these people, far more destitute than most of the African tribes of the merest rudiments of property or mechanism, have two funny possessions, never wanting in the cotton-cloth wallet of a Conibo: one is a pair of tweezers, formed of the two shells of a *mutilus*,

united by a hinge made of thread; the other is a 'snuff-taking apparatus,' consisting of a snuff-box made of the shell of a bulinus, which its possessor fills to the orifice with tobacco which has been cut in the green state, dried in the shade, and ground to the finest powder. The Conibos do not take snuff merely for their pleasure, it has a medicinal value among them. When a Conibo feels his head heavy, or has caught cold, he begs a comrade to blow down the empty tube of his snuff-taking apparatus—known by the suggestive name *chica-chauh*, and thus gets the powdered nicotine with which the other tube is filled forced up his nose. That done, the Conibo, blowing, snuffing, and sneezing, exhibits his perfect satisfaction by a singular smacking of the lips and tongue, which is habitual among these people, and is significant of a variety of meanings. When a Conibo agrees to a plan or project, when he wishes to express his pleasure or pride in having overcome a difficulty, when he has the food he prefers, when he is satisfied with the elasticity of his bow, under all pleasant circumstances, indeed, the Conibo smacks his lips and his tongue.

The arms of the Conibos are the bow and arrow, the club, and the shooting-tube. Through the last they send sharp poisoned darts, but, unlike the other tribes of the Amazon, whose war-lances are almost always poisoned, they use them solely for the destruction of animals. The tribe live almost entirely on the turtle. In vain do the forests and the waters offer them a luxurious variety of food; nothing but the turtle, its flesh, its grease, its eggs, its oil, has any charm for them. They eat certain kinds of worms as *hors-d'œuvre*, and delight in fat, blood-gorged mosquitoes, which they permit to attain full condition upon their own skin, undisturbed, as a *bonne bouche*. They massacre the unlucky amphibia at all stages of their existence; but the supply seems as yet to be inexhaustible. Any idea of a provision for the future appears to be utterly unconceived by the Conibos. They live from day to day, and only hunt or fish when hunger spurs them. Their eagerness in turtle-fishing is rather for the sake of selling the grease and oil at the Missions for axes, knives, and beads, than for that of laying up any store for their own wants. They are, though always poor, very hospitable. A Conibo will offer to the friend or traveller who visits his mud and leaf hut, the last banana, the last morsel of turtle, the last leg of monkey, with the utmost cheerfulness. They have acquired some notion of clearing and culture. Their plantations, in the middle of an island, or in the corner of a forest, consist of perhaps a dozen sugar-canes, two or three cotton shrubs, from which they weave a kind of cloth, some tobacco, and earth-nuts; and these little spaces are cut out in the forest, the fallen trees are left to dry, then they are burned, and the sowing or planting done on their smouldering ashes. A Conibo spade is the shoulder-bone of a seal, with a stick for a handle. Bigamy is tolerated among these peaceful savages, and indeed they would not object to polygamy, only that they have made a law among themselves that a man shall not have more wives than he can support, and, as they are extraordinarily idle, even for savages, this enactment practically limits the number to two. Their funeral ceremonies are very curious, resembling the ancient Scandinavian death-rites. They have an idea of an Omnipotent Being, the creator

of heaven and earth, whom they address indifferently as *Papa*, father, and *Huchi*, grandfather. Their notion of this Being is not without a touch of poetry. 'They represent him to themselves,' says Mr Marcoy, 'under the human form, filling space, but concealed from their eyes, and say, that after having created this globe, he fled away to the sidereal regions, from whence he continues to watch over his work. They neither render him any homage, nor recall him to mind, except when an earthquake rouses them to fear and piety.' The Conibos believe that earthquakes are caused by the movements of the Great Spirit, who, anxious to satisfy himself that the work of his hands still exists, comes down from the stars to look after it. Then the Conibos run out of their dwellings, leaping and making wild gestures, and each exclaiming, as if in reply to the call of an invisible person: '*Ipima, ipima, evira igni, papa, evira igni!*' (A moment, a moment, behold me, father, behold me!) Opposed to this good spirit, there is an evil spirit, called Yunima, dwelling in the earth's centre. Whatever evils affect the nation are attributed to him, and the Conibos fear him so much, that they avoid, as far as possible, uttering his name.

Surrounded by turbulent and treacherous tribes outside the broad extent of their beautiful territory, these quiet, unwarlike, idle people dwell, with their utter savagery on so many sides, their strange unaccountable art, and marked by one characteristic which is totally unlike any other Indian tribe—it is, a wonderful aptitude for training birds and quadrupeds without depriving them of their liberty. Peccaries and tapirs may be seen following their masters like spaniels, and obeying their every command. Macaws, caciques, toucans, carassows—all birds of beautiful plumage, come and go between the huts of the Conibos and their native forests with the calmest confidence. But their favourite animal is the ape. He goes with them everywhere, and affords them incessant amusement. They are a strange people, a tribe apart among the savages of South America, and the account of them is an interesting feature of an instructive book.

NERVOUSNESS.

I DON'T know what the proper name of the malady is, but I think I shall feel a little better if you will let me make a few growls before a heedless public. I am not ill, in the vulgar sense of the word. My limbs are not broken, my lungs are sound, my skin is clear, my appetite good. I eat, drink, and sleep heartily. I enjoy my breakfast after eight hours of slumber so profound, that, when reading in bed, I put my fingers into the book as I feel the wings of the dream-god gently floating over me, and next morning I find my thumb upon the passage on which it rested overnight. I sleep without turning over, or moving a muscle; and when I dream, I dream pleasantly. I am tall, strong, and healthy. My friends congratulate me on my looks; and sometimes I think that there is no such thing as kindly perception. They see me gad about. They know that I have a good deal of work to do, and I have the credit of doing it with energy. And yet, honestly, sometimes I have not force enough in me to open a letter. If my fellows

could know how acutely I suffer from the mysterious invisible imperative monster which, for lack of knowing better, I call 'Nervousness,' I should, I know, rejoice in their compassion.

As it is, I marvel at their blindness. Surely I am not the only big-bearded man who has suffered as I do. There must be some who know a phase of physical distress which has no gross outward claim for sympathy. If I lost my appetite, or my hand shook, or my head ached, or if I were little and weak, I might get an entrance into that charming atmosphere of kindness which is supposed to characterise affectionate social converse. If I could catch a cold, it might do; but I am inaccessible to chills. I can't cough. Even a corn would be something. Don't suppose, however, that I am a sulky, cheerless companion. I like conversation. Children and animals are fond of me. I enjoy the social chat and pipe. I have dear friends. I am merry too, at times. I can laugh heartily. When, however, I try to hint to some confidant or chum who appears to exhibit a special mood of perceptive kindness, that I am not so sturdy as I seem, it becomes at once difficult for him to conceal from me that he thinks I am an impostor, or that I am deceived. I am ashamed to plead individually and directly that I am nervous. I can't explain myself. I have even tried to do so to a doctor, but I can see that he misdoubts me; and yet I know that many a man for whom his friends feel regard as a sufferer that claims their cheerful help, is less in need of it than I am. Not that I want to plead sickness, and risk the pity that borders on contempt; I only wish that others knew with how great an effort I sometimes do my work, and how little I am to be blamed when I fail to do it. But who can see the cloud which sometimes rises and wraps me in distressful irresolution? It often comes an hour or two before noon. I have thought that I can feel for those who fly to the brandy-bottle in the morning. I never do; I feel sure that I never shall. I have a horror of this bastard inspiration; but all the same I know that mysterious dissolution of energy, that creeping approach of the alien power which steals away my force, and makes me look with blank despair at the array of the duties of my life. It comes and goes. Sometimes with teeth shut and spur in side, I charge it, and conquer. Again, I yield. I cannot do this, I cannot do that. I say to myself: 'Let others think me lazy, neglectful. I know I am neither. I am fighting dragons. I must pause. I will rest.' . . . I wrote this when I had gone down into the country for a holiday. I had rested some time, and I felt none the better for it. I had been much worn, and the kind influence, not only sleep, but all that is associated with real rest, had not begun to do me good. But as it is the last straw that breaks the camel's back, so the tail of a holiday suddenly fulfils itself, and brings to bear the accumulated powers of repose. Thus the end of my vacation gave force to the whole of it. I became better. My thoughts began to travel back towards my work without distaste. I began to find myself making plans, and thinking of what I should like to do. I am quite sure that I shall take a new lease of work. I am somehow conscious of a replenishment of mental energy, which is the spring out of which whatever I do—be it wise or foolish—rises. The

little pond which holds my store of life is no longer shrunk. I don't know what has filled it; possibly drains, but it has got itself, if not full, yet in a way towards such fulfilment as makes the domestic geese of my brain paddle therein with cackle, pleasure, and apparent promise of fat.

The nervous patient, and his name is Legion, is most effectually relieved by genuine rest. I question whether change brings to him what rest conveys. Change involves, almost necessarily, travel; and travel brings fuss. I don't give the name of 'change' to the one move from the town to the country, or the country to the town. I understand by it the shifting from place to place. Now, sometimes this is very wearisome. You have no time to settle; you give no time for the mental sores and raws to heal. The dust which you have in yourself, in your mortal mixture, has no time to precipitate itself, or 'pitch,' as housemaids say.

Whereas in rest, in the idliest dawdling, which resents the trouble of drawing a cork or filling a pipe, which dawdles thus without shame or reflection, the obscuring particles that float in the brain begin slowly to settle down. The turf begins to grow again upon the trodden paths of what would be verdant thought. The skin forms over intellectual sores. The head is as empty as a college lecture-room in September. The patient's chief exhibition of vitality is a sulky refusal to exert himself. And in so far as he triumphs in repudiating exertion, he is in the way of life.

That was the case with me. I was urged to travel, and I refused. I was urged to amuse myself, say in shooting, but I refused. I did nothing—mind you, though I say it myself, I have had hard anxious work for many years—and on this occasion I did nothing. I hardly cared to read the paper. I went to sleep after breakfast, I went to sleep after lunch, I went to sleep after dinner; and I slept all night. Meanwhile, I was too lazy to feed my tame ducks. My dearest friends, seeing me big, hearty at meals, and apparently free from sickness, began, I fancy, to waver in their allegiance. I really should, they thought, be all the better for doing something. But, happily, I was not upset by their intelligent and loving criticism. They knew nothing whatever about the matter. So I dozed, and dawdled, and sat, and gaped about, until the charming morning twilight of returning interest in the work of life began to flush my soul.

Next time I get a holiday I shall do the same. And I advise all whose nerves have been worn threadbare with the daily fuss of life to resent all proposals that they should seek relief in change. Rest is what they want, and they can get that sitting on a gate in the dullest flat of Lincolnshire, where there is not an excrescence bigger than a snail shell for miles around, just as well as they could among the grandest ranges of the Alps. Mind you, I don't mean that mere monotony of work and some diseased depression had not best be cured by change, as lively and contrasting as possible; but when a man is overworked, and though not physically shrunk, exhibits, or rather perceives those phases of mental exhaustion which I have called 'nervousness,' let no man nor woman, friend nor doctor, persuade him to travel. Let him rest. Let him do nothing, think of nothing; but dawdle through a period of sheer inaction.

That is what I did. And I found fresh life

settle on me like dew—dew that not only descends upon the surface of the leaf, but sends its quickening influence back into the stores from which alone the leaf and fruit can spring.

A VOYAGE TO MEMEL.

At a time when the country is aroused by the revelations of Mr Plimsoll regarding the frequent unseaworthiness of vessels, and the wholesale drowning of mariners, it may be interesting to peruse the narrative of an 'old salt,' describing his voyage to Memel. The voyage certainly took place before ships' officers had to undergo any compulsory examination, but the maritime intelligence in the newspapers of the present day affords too much reason to infer that parallel cases still occur.

The brig which made the following voyage was a strong substantial little craft somewhat over two hundred tons register. During the preceding voyage she had been thoroughly overhauled, and any repairs she required had been executed at one of the Baltic ports. Her sails and rigging were good and sufficient, her ground-tackle—so very important an item in that particular trade—was also amply serviceable. The only things she was deficient in were a competent captain and mate, for although she was rather under-handed, she was not very much so. The captain was a connection of the owners, a man who had been in charge of several vessels, but was always getting into scrapes, and being turned off, on account of his habitual drunkenness, so that he could no longer get employment from any other owners than his relations. They probably would not have employed him on this voyage had they not had more than family reasons for doing so. Whilst the brig was being repaired during the previous voyage, the captain, having plenty of spare time on his hands, spent it 'in bousing his jib up;' that is, in getting drunk. He had sense enough to see that he was getting too much in debt to the ship-chandler, but he had not principle enough to keep him honest. He got the carpenters to knock some of the copper bolts out of the vessel, and replace them with wooden treenails. These bolts he sold, and embezzled the proceeds. The owners by some means heard of this little speculation, and of course they also discovered the extravagance of the chandler's bill, as not even the Shields captain's plan of making out his accounts ('to threepence-worth of nails, sixpence') was sufficient to bring it within reasonable bounds; so the defaulter was retained in his situation, in order that the owners might indemnify themselves in some measure from his wages. In order, however, to put some check on his drinking propensities, they stipulated that he should carry his wife along with him.

The crew consisted of this master; the chief-mate, who was as smart and steady a young seaman as ever trod a plank; the second-mate, who, in addition to being second-mate, was cook and steward—that is, he did duty as cook and steward by day, and took his regular hand at the wheel, and by night he took charge of the starboard or captain's watch; and there were two able and one ordinary seaman, and an apprentice, also a boy who attended the coppers when the cook was otherwise engaged, and performed the numerous odds and ends a boy is fit for.

One cold frosty morning about the middle of

March, the brig hauled out of the Surrey Canal, where she had been discharging, and was made fast to a buoy till the tide had ebbed, in order to get the water-casks filled, as down at Purfleet, where she had to ballast, the water would be brackish. The casks ought to have been filled from a tank before leaving dock, but by filling them in the stream the captain saved money to buy rum for himself. When the brig got alongside the ballast-wharf at Purfleet, it was getting late in the afternoon. The captain returned to London, and left the mate in charge, with orders to get the ballast properly trimmed as soon as it came on board. It did not, however, come till nearly six o'clock, and at six the two A.B.'s and the ordinary seaman refused to work any later, so most of the ballast was allowed to trim itself. Late at night, the captain came on board drunk; and in the morning, when the vessel got under weigh again, he was very stupid; but fancying himself quite the reverse, he took the wheel, in order to allow all hands to tend the braces. After proceeding some distance down the river, there was an upward-bound vessel lying in the stream riding to the ebb. The mate was forward, and thinking to give the stranger a wide berth, sung out to the captain to starboard his helm. Instead of doing so, he ported it, and fouled the other vessel, carrying away her jib-boom, cat-head, and part of her bulwarks. His own brig being only in ballast, was so high out of the water, she received little damage. The vessels would have done each other much more harm, had the mate not observed what the captain was about, and springing aft, very unceremoniously knocked him away from the wheel, and put it the right way. When the vessels were clear and all to rights again, as far as circumstances would permit, the captain bethought himself that his dignity had been tampered with, and forthwith began lecturing the mate, who would submit to no such nonsense, but decidedly told the captain that he would go no farther than Gravesend with such a drunkard. Accordingly, on arriving at Gravesend, the anchor was let go, and the captain went on shore to procure another mate; but he was unsuccessful in his search. He returned on board, and told the mate he must remain, as he could find no one to fill his place—in fact, he could only find an ordinary seaman who wanted a ship. The mate pointed to one of the A.B.'s already on board, and said that he was quite fit for the situation, he knew, as he had been shipmates with him before. Now, this was rather a stretch of veracity on the mate's part, as the said A.B. although quite fit for his duty as A.B. and moreover understanding navigation enough to take the sun at noon, and fudge a day's work, as it is called—which was quite as much as the majority of the mates of colliers and Baltic traders were in general able to do—was only a lad between nineteen and twenty years old, and had been little over two years at sea, so that he was utterly deficient in experience. He had, however, a most sublime opinion of his own abilities, and was in no way inclined to lose the chance of promotion. So the ordinary seaman was shipped; the mate and A.B. were discharged; the latter signed articles afresh as mate, and the brig proceeded on her voyage. She reached Elsinore all right; and the captain having gone ashore to clear her out and get some provisions, came on board again much the worse of liquor, and with a

good sea-stock of corn-brandiy among his other stores. The day after she set sail for Memel, it fell stark calm, and froze hard. When the breeze sprang up again, she was surrounded with ice, and the light wind was insufficient to force her through it. All hands had, therefore, to get about the bows with oars, handspikes, &c. and try to break away the ice, so as to allow her to gather way on herself; but her bows were so bluff that all efforts were useless till the wind freshened, and the sea got up and broke the ice. She got to Memel by some means or other, but it would almost puzzle any one to say how, as the captain kept on tiptoeing, and the new mate knew nothing whatever of the soundings or set of the tides. One of the plans tried was to follow any craft which was thought to be going in the same direction; but as the brig was about the dullest sailer up the Baltic that season (and that is saying a good deal), these guides soon ran out of sight. Mr Dibdin's little Cherub had, however, been keeping a lookout, as the mate managed to make an excellent landfall, and the captain managed to take the brig into port, where his wife had the utmost trouble to keep him fit to transact his necessary business with the merchants and customs' officials. The cargo was all ready, and was got on board with the help of a stevedore and a gang of men from the shore, while the crew were refitting, rigging, repairing sails, &c. for the young mate had a good deal of pride in making the craft as neat as possible, and as he had no need to cool his own fingers aloft, he did not spare the others. Young mates are like most other young officials, apt to have a great idea of their own importance and of their pet crotchets. Only one accident worth mentioning occurred during the loading. One of the men had been sent with the stevedore when he went to the timber-ponds to fetch a raft of timber; he had to give a receipt for what timber the stevedore picked out, and afterwards to steer the raft as well as he could after the boat which had it in tow. Cherry-brandiy and cold weather overcame him, and instead of attending to his duty, he lay down and fell asleep. The men in the boat did not happen to notice him, or else did not think it worth their while to do so, and as it had been snowing hard, there was about an inch deep of snow all over him when he got alongside. Everybody at first thought he was dead; but what with friction, hot-water bottles, and other remedies mostly suggested by the captain's wife, who was by far the most sensible person on board, he recovered, but was unfit for work for a good while. From Memel the brig got to Elsinore again pretty well, as the captain was sober nearly the whole passage. She managed, however, to suffer a hard bump on a reef which runs out from the island of Bornholm, but it did not harm her much. At Elsinore the captain again laid in a fresh supply of his beloved brandiy, and there was an end to his sobriety. The brig got a fair wind and plenty of it; so, when she got off Shields, the master, being in a *dazed* state, declared that there was too much sea on to get over the bar. He therefore hauled his wind off the land till he got a good offing, and then hove to. It was his invariable custom, whether he was drunk or sober, to come on deck every time the watch was called, and give some directions, which were sometimes followed, and sometimes not, just as the officer of the watch

saw fit. At twelve that night he came on deck as usual, and found that the breeze was getting less; so he left word with the mate to carry on as he was doing till four o'clock, and that then he would come up, make more sail on her, and put her about so as to fetch Shields again on the other tack. At four there was a considerable breeze, so the reefs were shaken out, and then the captain gave the word: 'Ready about.' In general, in going about he took the wheel, and let the mate work the ship, but this morning he told the second-mate to go to the wheel, and the mate to go forward and tend the head-sheets, whilst he remained aft and put her round himself. The main-yards had been swung, but not braced up, when the captain, who was looking aloft, watching how she was coming round, tripped over a log of the deck-load which happened to be an inch higher than the rest, and tumbled backwards overboard over the quarter-rail. At this time the vessel had got stern-way on her, and just as the captain was abreast of the fore-channels, some one hove him a rope's end, but did not take time to put a bowline in it. In the confusion and hurry no one had made fast the mainbraces, so the yards swung full again, and she began to forge ahead, and dragged the rope's end out of the captain's hand. Whilst some hands were laying the maintopsail aback again, the mate and another man got in the fore-channels and laid hold of the captain, one by his wrist, and the other by the collar of his pilot-cloth coat; but the ship gave a roll, and the sea dragged him out of their hands. All this time the captain was so little alarmed that he called to the boy to get a boat-hook and try to pick his hat up. When the mate found the captain was dragged from his grasp, he sprang aft, made the boom-sheet fast round himself (sheets on board ship are ropes, not sails, as some landsmen think), and jumping overboard, caught the man in his arms; and he thought that as his hands were clasped round him, all was safe; but as soon as the people on board began to haul the pair up, the captain was again washed adrift. One of the men then got a long gaff, or boat-hook, and caught him by the trousers. In trying to get him on board, the trousers gave way, and he drifted out of reach. There was no life-buoy on board, but such substitutes as came to hand were thrown overboard, and the boat was got out as quickly as possible, but that was very slowly, although every one did his best. The boat was full of lumber, and tackles had to be rove and got aloft, and by the time it was in the water, almost all chance of saving the captain was over. Still he might have got hold of some of the things which had been thrown to him, so the boat pulled amongst them and picked them all up; but the poor captain was gone. It was a harrowing sight to see his poor wife in her agony of grief after she heard of her husband's death. In less than half an hour from the time he had left her in good health, and in the prime of manhood, for he was not quite forty years old, she was a destitute widow, and her children were fatherless. She had on board one bright little thing just beginning to speak and toddle about, and it was heart-rending to see the innocent child, bewildered with its mother's grief, for she was in violent hysterics. The poor darling was clambering about the bed on which its mother lay, sometimes crying because she did, and anon laughing, and trying to get her to leave off, all

unconscious of the heavy affliction which had befallen her. Such was the ending of this wretched victim of intemperance.

Although deprived of her commander, the ship required to get into harbour. About eight o'clock a cobbler came alongside with a pilot on board, who told the mate that he had seen the brig standing in on the previous day, and could not make out why she stood off again, as there was sea enough on the bar to allow her to cross it. Before sundown that night, the brig was safely at anchor in Shields harbour; and the young man who had been foremast hand, mate, and master all in the short space of two months, notwithstanding his rapid promotion, had imbibed such a wholesome dislike to the North Sea and Baltic, that he has given them both as wide a berth as he possibly could ever since.

IN AN APPLE-ORCHARD.

On, apples, on the apple-tree,
How fair you look! how thick you be!
Some red, some yellow, and some gray,
You ripen slowly day by day.
The sun has touched you, and the rain,
The calm, and then the hurricane.
The drought has dried you, and the dew
Has drenched; and still you grew and grew.
Oh, apples, on the orchard-tree,
Speak to this heart, its teachers be!
Where'er I find a settled place,
There I should grow with patient face.
Let bud yield room to blossom's suit,
And that in turn to forming fruit.
Below the surface of the mind
A secret sweetening I would find;
And in the heart's deep core enwrought
The mystic seeds of strong love-thought.
And by my neighbours I would stand,
And touch them with a gentle hand.
And I would not have over-care
If I be high, or low, or where;
But I desire, as time shall pass,
A gatherer coming through the grass,
With keen quick eye and ready touch
To pick all fruit, ere ripe too much;
With a broad basket on his arm
To save me from old Winter's harm;
Then, at the last, in garner stored,
An offering to the Orchard's Lord.

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